

The Musical World.

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VOL. 40—No. 44.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1862.

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Who has not in a happy dream
 Sweet converse held with distant friends;
 And felt the grief which ever blends
 With memories of that passing gleam?
 And when the morrow's sun hath set,
 And moonbeams lie upon the hill,
 Do we not hope the voices still
 Of last night's dream may haunt us yet?

Sleep and the Past.

THE POETRY BY HARRIET POWER.

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Night came in visions lone,
 Methought I heard again
 Thy voice's silvery tone,
 Like music's distant strain:
 But I woke to know that thy gentle breath,
 Is for ever hush'd in the sleep of death.

Let Life be Bright.

THE POETRY BY HARRIET POWER.

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Price 3s.

Let life be bright, why cloud it o'er
 With shadows of a coming woe?
 It may be thou wilt ne'er deplore
 That grief, those tears may never flow.
 It may be that the sun hath set
 Which o'er thy path shed golden light:
 But sunset's glow is lingering yet
 With chastened beams, still life is bright.

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ENGLISH OPERA ASSOCIATION (LIMITED).

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—The following correspondence has arisen in consequence of the irregular and illegal proceedings of the EXECUTIVE of the above Association at the first Annual Meeting of the shareholders, held in St. James's Hall, in June last. Having received none but evasive replies to my repeated applications and letters to the Officers of the Association, I am reluctantly compelled to place before the musical world, through the medium of your columns, together with the correspondence, a protest which I made, as a shareholder, against those proceedings.

Immediately after the meeting, I wrote to Mr. Martin Cawood, the Secretary, *pro tem.*, for information relative to the shareholders who had, and who had not, paid upon their shares, with the dates when payment was made. The information furnished to me by the Secretary is embodied in my protest. You will perceive by the correspondence that the several matters referred to in my letter of the 20th June have been altogether evaded. I shall again address you at length on the present position of the concern, and am, Sir, Your obedient servant,
GEORGE SCOTT.
429, Strand, Oct. 28, 1862.

429 Strand, London, 20th June, 1862.

To the Secretary of the English Opera Association (Limited).

DEAR SIR,—The statement I received from you yesterday, showing the "Shareholders present at General Meeting held 18th June, 1862," has greatly surprised me, because I conceived that all the parties who attended the meeting were legally qualified to take part in its proceedings. I find, however, that not more than one half of those who attended and voted on the occasion were eligible (according to the Act under which the Association is incorporated). The list of Shareholders you have sent shows the following results:—

Eligible and Entitled to Vote.		Not Entitled to Vote.	
Name.	Date of Payment of Deposit.	Name.	Date of Payment of Deposit.
Frederick Davison	31st July, 1861	H. Leslie	16th June, 1862
Martin Cawood	15th July, 1861	F. R. Smart	17th June, 1862
Joseph Lidel	4th Oct., 1861	W. J. Tennant	18th June, 1862
George Scott	13th July, 1861	George Wood	no payment
R. H. Wood	29th Aug., 1861	C. W. Hoskins	no payment
L. H. Baylis	8th July, 1861	H. P. de Bathe	no payment
W. H. Weiss	8th July, 1861	George Ellis	no payment
John Cawood	13th March, 1862	T. Lemmens	1st June, 1862
E. James	13th March, 1862	W. F. Low	18th June, 1862
H. Blagrove	8th Oct., 1861	W. de Pontigny	17th June, 1862

I will now refer you to the Act, in confirmation of the above analysis. It provides (see Table B of Shareholders, 41):—

"No Shareholder shall be entitled to vote at any meeting unless all calls from him shall have been paid, nor until he shall have been possessed of his shares three calendar months."

It follows that those Shareholders who have not held their shares for three calendar months, and those Shareholders who have made no payment on their shares, are excluded by the Act from all participation in the proceedings of the General Meeting. I consider, therefore, that the irregularity now pointed out vitiates all the proceedings of the Meeting held on the 18th inst.

I protest against these proceedings being adopted, because they are invalid by reason of their non-conformity with the Act; and I request that this protest be submitted to every Director or Member of the Executive Committee.

There are other irregularities, which on this occasion I need not point out.

Furthermore, the Meeting on the 18th inst. was not properly constituted. The only persons eligible and entitled, under the Act, to initiate the proceedings and conduct the business of the meeting, being the seven Members of the Provisional Committee who signed the memorandum of Association.

In corroboration of this statement, I again refer you to table B of the Act, under the head, "Directors 44 & 45."

"(44). The number of the Directors and the names of the first Directors shall be determined by the subscribers of the memorandum of the Association."

"(45). Until Directors are appointed the subscribers of the memorandum of Association, shall, for all the purposes of this Act be deemed to be Directors."

The members who originated it took their shares, and at once paid their money, with an understanding to enlarge their holding as the Association made progress. As one of the seven members who signed the memorandum of Association, and articles of Association, and as having myself drawn up these documents, and thereby having conferred upon the project its legal form and character, and having determined the rules and regulations by which it should be governed, I think I have a right to ask these questions.

When I entered upon the concern I gave it my confidence and my money, I gave also much time, thought, and labour to its development, as also did others. These were unmistakable evidences of the bona fides of our intentions.

I see now, from the facts disclosed on the 18th inst., all kinds of irregular proceedings. You have the members of the Executive Committee in a very false position. As a mere act of courtesy the members of the Provisional Committee should have been called together to meet the gentlemen who were to be proposed as members of the Executive Committee, in order that all proper and preliminary arrangements might have been made between the retiring body and their immediate successors about to be, so that the Provisional Committee might have abdicated Office in General Meeting, and the Executive Committee be appointed by them in due course. Instead of which the Executive Committee were called upon to elect themselves, and to perform acts in the capacity of directors, antecedent to their election. All this confusion and bungling might easily have been avoided.

You are doubtless aware that the English Opera Association, as a project, does not owe its origin to yourself in any way. It is true you were invited to hold temporarily an official position, to be made permanent, should you furnish proof of suitable fitness and capacity for the office; but it was never for a moment supposed that you were empowered to separate the Association from its original promoters, and to extinguish the very authority that conferred on you an official position.

I must warn you that the appointments made are illegal, and that the Association must be absolved from all appointments made without due authority. These must be regarded as having been made on the personal responsibility of the several persons who were parties thereto, and in no way can the Association be held liable.

I frankly confess my amazement at the financial statement I read at the meeting on the 18th inst. It is a mockery, and unless the real business of the Association is at once taken in hand, so that ample capital to carry out the undertaking be raised, all parties concerned had much better abandon it. I hope the fact will never come out, that in the first financial year the English Opera Association raised the enormous capital of £240, and spent £191, besides incurring other obligations.

If the concern is to go on rightly it must begin rightly. It must ever be kept within the four corners of the Act under which it is incorporated. This is an imperative condition, which cannot be disregarded without great danger, if not ruin, to the concern.

The views I have herein expressed I am prepared to maintain and to justify; and I must be perfectly assured that this letter, or a copy, is placed in the hands of each member of the Executive Committee. I call upon you to carry out, in strict conformity with the Act, every provision relating to the Association.

I shall require you to furnish me with such printed documents as are specified and required by the Act; and, in the meantime, I reserve to myself the right of publishing this letter and your official reply in such journals as I may think right to select for such a purpose, should I deem this course of proceeding necessary.—I am, yours faithfully,
(Signed) GEO. SCOTT.

The English Opera Association (Limited), June 23, 1862.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your communication, dated the 20th inst., and which was directed to No. 41, Stanhope Street (my address being 14, Stanhope Street.) I will lay the contents before the Executive Committee at the next meeting. I am, dear Sir, yours truly,
MARTIN CAWOOD.

George Scott, Esq.

429, Strand, London, 24th June, 1862.

DEAR SIR,—I have received your note of the 23rd. So important do I consider the several matters touched upon in my letter to you of the 20th, that not a moment ought to be lost in laying them before the Executive Committee, and previously furnishing to each member a copy thereof. I shall be glad to learn from you that such shall be done without delay.

I do not wish to injure the concern in any way, but unless my wishes are carried out I shall feel it my duty to publish my letter to you, and your reply, and also to send copies of the same to each member of the Committee, and to every Shareholder, together with such additional remarks as I may judge to be expedient and necessary. I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,
GEO. SCOTT.

M. Cawood, Esq.

The English Opera Association (Limited), 25th June.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge receipt of yours of yesterday's date. I shall lay the same before the Executive Committee (together with your former communication) at the next meeting. I am, dear Sir, yours truly,
MARTIN CAWOOD.

George Scott, Esq.

429 Strand, 1st August, 1862.

DEAR SIR,—I shall thank you if you will let me know whether my letter to you, dated the 20th June, 1862, has yet been placed before the Executive Committee of The English Opera Association (Limited); and if so, I should wish to know the views which the Committee entertain on the several matters referred to in the said letter. I am greatly surprised that, during the past week, no official communication has been made to me on the subject. I am, faithfully yours,
GEO. SCOTT.

M. Cawood, Esq.

The English Opera Association (Limited), 2nd August, 1862.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to yours of yesterday's date, I beg to inform you that your letter, dated the 20th June, was laid before the Executive Committee on the 28th June, and was referred to Mr. Low, the Solicitor of the Association. I am, dear Sir, yours truly,
MARTIN CAWOOD.

George Scott, Esq.

429 Strand, 4th August, 1862.

DEAR SIR,—On Saturday last, Mr. Cawood of the English Opera Association (Limited), informed me by note that my letter to him, of the 20th June last, was submitted by him to the Executive Committee on the 28th June, and that the Committee referred it to you. More than a month has now elapsed since the Committee were made acquainted with my letter, and no notice whatever has been taken of it that I am aware of. I now write to you for the purpose of asking what course you deem it expedient to advise the Committee to adopt in reference to the several matters alluded to in my letter. As a shareholder, and also one of the promoters of the project, I am entitled to have a full and prompt reply, and shall feel obliged if you will give it me. I am, faithfully yours,
GEO. SCOTT.

W. F. Low, Esq.

67 Wimpole Street, Cavendish Square, 6th August, 1862.

DEAR SIR,—I think you will agree with me that I can only reply to your note through the Committee. But I have been much engaged, and unable to look to the points raised by you, and as I assumed they were not pressing, I have delayed looking into them. I will, however, do so, and write to the Committee, or attend their next meeting, and advise them on the subject. I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,
WM. F. LOW.

George Scott, Esq.

429 Strand, 18th October, 1862.

DEAR SIR,—In your letter to me, dated the 6th August last, you stated you would either write to the members of the Committee of the English Opera Association, or attend their next meeting, and advise them on the subject of my letter to the Secretary. Will you kindly inform me whether you have done as you proposed. Up to the present time I have received no reply to the letter in question; and unless prompt attention is paid forthwith to the several points raised in my letter I shall be compelled to take other proceedings, which may prove prejudicial to the prospects of the concern, and which, as a shareholder, I shall regret being enforced to adopt. I am, faithfully yours,
W. F. LOW, Esq.

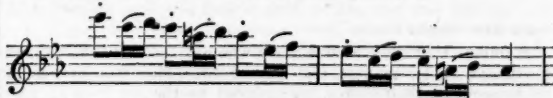
GEO. SCOTT.

REMARKS ON THE RENDERING OF THE "SINFONIA EROICA."*

(Continued from Page 668.)

There remains, in point of fact, therefore, only the *tempo* as that component part of the execution which is fixed by the character of the entire work. In the first movement of the *Eroica*, it is determined not by what is heroic generally, but by the manner in which Beethoven has expressed musically what is heroic. The former view of the matter has been productive of grave mistakes in the *tempo*, and, in consequence of the reprehensible practice now prevalent of hurrying the measure, may, probably, be productive of many more. Beethoven's principal theme, as well as its whole development, does not suggest a fiery hero who conquers the world by storm, but some great heroic nature, strong in itself, thoroughly noble, vigorously tenacious, and seeking out every obstacle. One would imagine that such a character was so plainly expressed by the breadth and nobleness of the principal theme, in the softness of the middle portions, and in the entire rhythm of the *allegro*, that a mistake in the *tempo* was altogether out of the question, and yet we have found, by experience, that the first movement has absolutely been rendered, by too hasty a *tempo*, an absolute caricature of one of the most elevated tone-paintings which Beethoven and art ever produced.

But it is not enough to hit upon the correct *tempo*; it is absolutely necessary to *adhere quietly* to it in the *allegro* of the *Eroica*. We are declared foes not only of the so-called "individual conception," or reading, of musical works on the part of conductors and executants, but also, in quite as high a degree, of all fluctuation in the *tempo*; and as, in our opinion, there is only one *tempo* for every separate piece of music, an arbitrary dragging or retarding of the time, too early degenerating into a *tempo rubato*, annihilates the value of classical music. When C. M. von Weber says:—"There is no slow *tempo* in which passages do not occur that require a quicker movement, if we would prevent a feeling of dragging; there is no *presto* that does not, on the other hand, and in precisely the same degree, demand the quiet rendering of many passages, in order that the means of expression be not destroyed by too great haste"—we can admit the correctness of the assertion only in the case of solo pieces, and not in that of orchestral works, except when we have to do with passages where the composer himself expressly marks a "*stringendo*" or "*ritardando*." All hurrying towards the conclusion of a musical work is especially revolting, and, in fact, vulgar. Against this error we should always be on our guard, but more than any where else in the first *allegro* of the *Eroica*. The first entrance of the horns, in the *Coda* (p. 73 of Simrock's score), with the theme, must not be in a *tempo* the slightest degree quicker than the theme in the violoncello part at the commencement of the symphony, especially as the figures for the violins, and, subsequently, the tenors and basses, would be one confused jumble, as with a too quick *tempo*, is the case, also, with the earlier inverted figures (p. 7, and in many other places):—

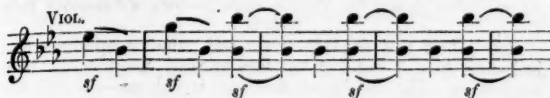


—which thus, between the energetic *forte* of the basses and wind-instruments, produce a perfectly ludicrous effect.

But I hear the admirers of young Mad. Musica exclaim: "Ah! we are to play according to the metronome, are we! Oh, how pedantic!"—No, gentlemen! Play, for instance, on the piano, anything you choose from the works of writers, from Chopin to Liszt, just how you like, provided you fancy you can answer for what you do. But when you conduct a symphony—unless it be your own—carefully keep correct time, for correct time is the basis of all form in music. But to keep correct time and to play by the metronome, are, for all reasonable beings, two different things, just as different as an automaton and a living musician. We do not, therefore, hesitate even begging musical conductors imperceptibly to retard certain passages—only, however, by periods, and not by bars—in the first movement of the *Eroica*, in order to obtain the proper breadth and weight of expression, which are also

* Translated from the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*, expressly for THE MUSICAL WORLD—by J. V. BRIDGEMAN.

the best safeguard against the so-called "fiery" bolting off. Such passages are, for instance, as early as in p. 4, the fourth and fifth bar, with the *sforzandos* on the third crotchet (before the scale leading up to the entrance of the theme in the *ff*):—



Then the powerful chords, rhythmically and harmonically so effective, with the intermediate pauses (p. 16); and then, twelve bars before the conclusion of the first part, the four bars with the kettle-drum, in B flat, which, with the intermediate crotchets of the second violins and the tenors, cannot be brought out too weightily. In the second part, the same holds good of the entire series of chords at pp. 33—36 (that wonderfully magnificent expansion and development of the figure just mentioned at p. 4); their effect being the more powerful, the more measured, and enduring the expenditure of power with which they are introduced. The impelling and impulsive element lies here in the rhythmical accentuation, in the conflict of the latter with the regular intonation of the bars, and in the all-crushing modulation, and not in any hurrying of the tempo; the contrary is rather the case.

Finally, we will once more direct attention to the *Coda*, in reference to the same point. The effect of the *Coda*, which consists in a gradual rise to a climax, of which it is one of the most perfect specimens Beethoven has given us, is altogether destroyed if the orchestra does not preserve the greatest calm. The theme must be rendered in its original clear form, full of quiet confidence, upon the first horns; the violins take it up, while, a bar afterwards, the three horns join them, imitatively, and the violoncellos twine round it in connected quavers—figures, until, combined with the basses and tenors, they undertake, with gradually increasing strength, its management, amid the gradually increasing braying of the trumpets, when, at length, by means of the latter, and all the other wind-instruments, it appears, like some brilliant sun over the whole horizon. We will adhere to this picture; it shall serve us for the execution as well; the lofty majesty of the spectacle afforded by nature, consists in the slow and gradual rise of the bright luminary; a quick or sudden appearance of the latter would surprise us, but all would be over with our admiration and sentiment of aught that was exalted. The tempo of the *Coda* must not only not be hurried, but the conclusion of the movement, properly speaking, the four bars of dominant chords *ff*, which must be played in slow (*pesante*) crotchets, receive effect after the syncopated notes only in strict tempo, which is better retarded a little, what they effect in conjunction with the violins:—



—the final impression of the concentrated triumphant power of a great thought that transforms a whole world. If the tempo be too quick, the over-vigorous expression of the climbing upwards in the fiddles will become mere meaningless scraping.

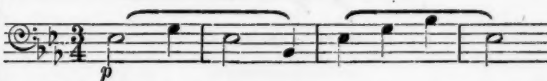
In order to prevent any misunderstanding, we beg to state, once again, that the remarks we are about to offer are intended more as warnings than as precepts; their right application depends upon the feeling of the conductor, and cannot be metronomically prescribed. Finally, we will remark, in reference to the tempo of the first *Allegro*, only that its episodic points, p. 11, p. 36, etc., would be sufficient to bring back to the proper time anyone who had taken the movement of the theme too quickly, unless he were totally deficient in all appreciation of, and feeling for, that melodious expression of the Elegiac, which, by the movements in question, Beethoven has united so beautifully, and, also, with such genuine musical contrast, to the principal poetic thought.

It may boldly be asserted that dynamic expression, apart from the different gradations of light and shade, resulting from *forte*, *piano*, *crescendo*, *decrescendo*, etc., has never been so originally applied, and so precisely marked, as far as regards *accentuation*, in any of Beethoven's compositions as in the first movement of the *Sinfonia Eroica*. Never before Beethoven, and never even by him

previous to the composition of the *Eroica*, has rhythm been employed with such racy freedom, and accentuation treated as something so essential and redolent of character. It is principally this which imparts to the movement in question the stamp of individual life, by means of an original animation of the strain.

If we begin by considering the theme from this point of view, we shall be astounded at the variety in the treatment of it as a whole, as well as in that of its separate component parts.

After the first two chords, which not only fix the key, but, at the same time, announce something decided and vigorous (how inappropriate an Introduction would have been here, while, for instance, it is quite in place in Symphonies 2, 4, and 7), the composition commences *piano* and *ligato*, with the usual and regular accent of the tone-note (which might, as a rule, be termed in music the measurement of quantity in opposition to accentuation):



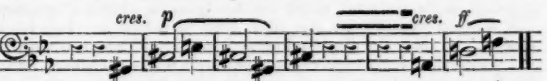
Precisely the same course is pursued, immediately afterwards, in horn and clarinet, and then, *fortissimo*, with *tutti* (p. 4). Here, however, in the expansion, there is another accent:—



Then, p. 16, a different one for the violoncello and violin:—



Page 22, is first unaccented *pp* in C minor, and then with *crescendo* on the unaccented portions of the bar:—



In the rise towards the climax of the second *ff*, p. 25, however, the last crotchet is suddenly accented:—



At p. 39, the theme appears for the first time in C major, *forte*, with a *Staccato*:—



While speaking of this passage, we must direct attention to a delicate effect, which is nearly always lost. In the last two bars, in order to strengthen the decided rhythm of the three *staccato* portions of the bar, Beethoven introduces the horns, also, with *G*, in crotchets up to the *sfz*; and this *sforzando* of the *Tutti* is, it is true, heard very plainly; but the imitating *sfz* of the trumpets alone, two bars later, upon the last crotchet, while the horns sustain *G*, and the remaining instruments execute the descending

figure in quavers and semiquavers, is, generally, not heard. Just in the same manner, this is repeated in C minor:—



Further on, at p. 43, where the first bassoon presents the theme in B flat major, we find a new accentuation of the third bar, in its repetition by the violins:—



(To be continued.)

BRIGHTON.—The *Brighton Gazette* has a long article devoted to a Morning Concert, which took place on Saturday last, at the Pavilion, in aid of the First Sussex Volunteer Artillery Band Fund, which we present with some indispensable curtailments:—

"The weather was extremely inclement, rain pouring in torrents, the heaviest continuous rain perhaps ever remembered by the oldest inhabitant, but notwithstanding this the musical attraction was so great that the room was filled with a fashionable company. *The Inspector of Flies*, Mr. Terry, who let the company out of the carriages, was drenched, even under the porch in front of the Pavilion. So numerous an attendance in such weather may be accounted for in some respects by the great attraction, for among the musical celebrities there were three of the greatest artists in the world on their respective instruments, namely, Madame Arabella Goddard, M. Sainton, and Signor Bottesini. The vocalists were Made. Gassier, Madlle. Marie Cruvelli (a sister of the great cantatrice of that name) Mr. Swift and Herr Hermanns; and with Mr. Land as conductor, the troupe was complete. The Volunteer Band, under the direction of Mr. W. Devin, opened the concert with the March from *Faust* (Gounod). Madlle. Cruvelli and Mr. Swift then gave the duet 'Ah! si di mali miei;' the duet was admirably rendered. Then came Sainton's fantasia Scotch airs, introducing 'Wha'll be King but Charlie,' and 'Auld Robin Gray.' The expression in the latter was delightful, and the variations equally interesting. Herr Hermanns gave a song of Nicolai, from the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. It is some time since Made. Gassier has appeared in Brighton, and she was much applauded when she came on the platform. Her voice appears to have increased in strength, not in quality. We might say, in non-musical parlance, that she ran all over the place. Mr. Swift sang Wallace's 'Yes, let me like a soldier fall,' with plenty of force. Made. Arabella Goddard next appeared on the platform, which was the signal for a burst of applause. She selected Woelf's *Ne plus ultra*, with variations on 'Life let us cherish,' in which she displayed great versatility of talent, whether in the beautiful under current of accompaniment whilst she clearly struck out the air, or in the power of her left hand, whilst revelling in the lighter passages in the upper notes. Mdme. Arabella Goddard is also distinguished for light and shade, and the purity and elegance of her expression, all of which amount almost to perfection,—indeed it would require a very nice ear to discover the slightest blemish. Her performance was artistic in the extreme, and we need scarcely say that she was rewarded with unbounded applause. Madlle. Cruvelli sang an air from the *Favorita* with much purity of expression. A sonata in B flat, by Mozart, for pianoforte and violin, by Made. Arabella Goddard and M. Sainton, was perfection itself. It was delightful to hear with what accuracy they took up the various points. Bottesini commenced the second part with a fantasia on airs from *Lucia di Lammermoor*. What Paganini was on the violin, Bottesini is on the great instrument which he has chosen for the display of his extraordinary skill. Madame Arabella Goddard played a fantasia on airs from *Lurline* (Ascher). It seemed almost incredible that a lady could combine with the most refined taste and delicate touch such masculine power as she did in this piece. The immense rapidity of the arpeggios, the clearness of the chromatic passages, whilst thundering forth the bass with her left hand à la Thalberg, displayed powers of an extraordinary kind. Mr. Swift sang a ballad of Mr. Land's, 'What can the heart want more,' with nice expression. In the duet of Sainton and Bottesini, a composition of the great contra basso, it was difficult at times to tell whether Sainton was playing the violin or Bottesini. The Artillery Band performed a gallop, and closed the concert with the National Anthem.

Rebiefos.

"Drei Heften Sonate für Violine allein"—JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH (Schott).

Heft III. of this elegant, correct and valuable republication—including Nos. 5 and 6 of the famous *Sechs Sonaten*—has alone reached us. The instalment, however, is welcome—*en attendant les autres*. "Old Forkel" (as they call him), John Nicholas Forkel (as we shall call him)—author of the little book entitled *Ueber Johann Sebastian Bach's Leben, Kunst und Kunstwerke*, which perhaps, after all, tells us more about "The Leipsic Cantor" (as they call him, alternately with "Father Bach" and the "Rare old Contrapuntist") than any other work extant, notwithstanding its silence (a result of its author's ignorance) about the compositions for the Church—makes the subjoined brief allusion to the *Sechs Sonaten*:—

"The violin solos were universally regarded, for a long series of years, by the greatest performers on the instrument, as the means of making the student a perfect master."

What is most singular, however, is, that no music for the violin has been composed since Bach's day at all comparable to his solos, either in ingenuity or in difficulty. That anybody could have executed them, when Bach lived, seems now quite as unlikely as that anybody, Bach only excepted, could have written them. The *Heft* before us contains the Fugue in C major, the most elaborate and perhaps the most extraordinary of all the solos. Amateurs of Bach's music will at once recognise its theme, with the first two answers:—

Theme.



nor will they have forgotten the admirable ingenuity with which the same theme is afterwards worked "*al reverso*:"—

Theme al reverso.



But recently Herr Joachim, by his wonderful talent, has been winning as much favor, and raising as much enthusiasm, on account of Bach's music for violin alone, at the Monday Popular Concerts, as have long been accorded to the sonatas and quartets of Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn. This very fugue in C major

is probably the *cheval de bataille* of the gifted Hungarian. It is the second and principal movement of the 5th Sonata, which commences with a short *adagio*, in the same key, and further contains a *largo*, in F major, and an *allegro assai*—a sort of *moto perpetuo*, in the key of the fugue. The Sixth Sonata, which contains no fugue, begins with a brilliant, well-sustained and immensely effective prelude in E major, and further comprises a "*loure*," *gavotte* and *rondo*, two minuets, "*bourre*," and "*Giga*," all in the same key—a compilation much in the same form as the *Suites Anglaises* for the harpsichord. The careful fingering of every difficult passage, by Herr Ferdinand David of Leipsic, gives a double value to this edition of the *Sechs Sonaten*, which should be on the desk of every ambitious student of the violin—however distant the hope of his becoming one day a JOACHIM.

No. 1. "Ah! say art thou Dreaming?" Ballad. Words and Music by OWEN HOPE. (J. H. Jewell).

No. 2. "Constancy." Ballad. Words and Music by OWEN HOPE. (J. H. Jewell).

No. 3. "Croydon's Doleful Knell." Round for Three Voices. Words from the "Golden Garland of Princely Delights." Music composed by I. M'Murdie. (Robert Cocks and Co.)

No. 4. "I am but a Lowly Flower." Song. Words from the German of RUCKERT. Composed by W. ADLINGTON. (Robert Cocks and Co.)

No. 5. "Will you Come to my Mountain Home?" Ballad. Written by ALFRED WHEELER. Music composed by F. H. BROWN. (Robert Cocks and Co.)

No. 6. "To Thee." Ballad. Written and Composed by WILLIAM BROCK. (Addison, Hollier, and Lucas).

No. 7. "Happy Days of Childhood." Ballad. Poetry and Music by WILLIAM BROCK. (Cramer, Beale, and Chappell).

No. 8. "My own Sweet Home." Ballad. Poetry written by WILLIAM BROCK. Music Composed by JOHN BLOCKLEY. (Cramer, Beale, and Chappell.)

Mr. Owen Hope's ballads (Nos. 1 and 2) are correct to a nicety; but their melody, if "wise"—as the *Athenæum* would say—is hardly new.

Mr. M'Murdie's round (No. 3) is written with an intention to good harmony, which alone will inspire respect.

Mr. Adlington's song (No. 4) is an attempt after the ballad style of Messrs. Balfe and Wallace, but hardly a successful one. The English version of Rückert's words is, however, smooth and pretty.

Mr. F. H. Brown's ballad (No. 5) calls for no especial remark.

Mr. William Brock's "To thee" (No. 6) might be appropriately inscribed to the composer of "My own, my guiding star," of which it is a direct, if not a highly successful, imitation. The same gentleman's "Happy days of childhood" (No. 7) is not more original.

An occasional turn of what may be called modern English tune partially redeems Mr. Blockley's "Own sweet home" (No. 8) from insipidity.

"Over the Downs." Words by ELIZA COOK; Music by JOHN RAYMOND. Sung by Mr. Sims Reeves. (Joseph Williams).

We like Miss Cook's words; but we cannot like Mr. Raymond's music, especially such progressions as the following:—



Where has Mr. Sims Reeves sung this ballad (by the way)?

"Three Melodies," for the pianoforte. E. H. TURPIN. (Addison, Hollier, and Co.)

Though somewhat labored, these *melodies* (hardly well intitled, by the way) have the merit of being for the most part extremely well written, and reveal a commendable desire to avoid commonplace. There are some few crudities in No. 2 ("The Maiden's Song"), and No. 3 ("The Hunter's Song"—which *may* have been inspired by Mendelssohn's third *Lied* in Book 1); but both these and No. 1 ("The Lover's Song") contain much that is good, much that is thoughtful, and nothing that is trivial.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

AUGENER & CO.

Haite, J. J., "The mariner's dream," vocal. Haite, J. J., "The dying soldier," vocal. Hatton, J. L., "Spirit rapping," vocal. Sheppard, J. Hallet, "Oh, doubting heart," vocal. Hartog, Henri, "Home, sweet home," violin. Smith, Sydney, "The mountain stream," pianoforte.

ASHDOWN & PARRY.

Crump, Arthur, "Farewell," vocal. Basley, Edward A., "Oh, call it by some better name," vocal.

ADDISON & LUCAS.

Baumer, Henry, "Polacca brillante," pianoforte. Nunn, John H., "Yon fading cloud," vocal.

ROBERT COCKS & CO.

Abt, Franz, "O! sweet flowing streamlet," vocal. Abt, Franz, "O! rosy morn," vocal. Abt, Franz, "Like a well-spring in the desert," vocal. Abt, Franz, "The dear old songs at home," vocal. Abt, Franz, "Birds that in yon pine trees sing," vocal. Fricker, Anne, "I built a bridge of fancies," vocal. Lindsay, Miss M., "Thalassa," vocal. Oscar, Alfred, "Sunlight," vocal. Faust, Carl, "For thee," pianoforte. Glover, Stephen, "The gem of the isle," pianoforte. Glover, Stephen, "The bridal march," pianoforte. Hall, E. V., "May bloom," pianoforte. Prince, Henry, "Polka des Zouaves," pianoforte. Wright, Adam, "The newest Dunderary polka," pianoforte. West, G. F., "Gems from the great masters," No. 11 and No. 16, pianoforte. Wallace, W. Vincent, "Maggie Lauder," pianoforte.

CRAMER, BEALE, & WOOD.

Gretton, George, "Der Hexen Tanz," pianoforte. Gretton, George, "Erde und Himmel," pianoforte. Gretton, George, "Caprice pathétique," pianoforte. Gretton, George, "Grande marche," pianoforte. Kremer, Joseph, "Chans des Alpes," pianoforte. Kremer, Joseph, "Sur la Plage," pianoforte.

BOOSBY & SONS.

Glover, Howard, "She may smile on many," vocal.

T. L. FOWLE.

Fowle, T. L., "Smile again, dear mother," vocal. Fowle, T. L., "All nations whom thou hast made," vocal. Fowle, T. L., "Rest on thy marble corals," vocal. Fowle, T. L., "A grand march," pianoforte.

HALE & CO.

Hutchinson, W., "Twas evening, in the summer time," vocal. Hutchinson, W., "Oh, wake those tones no more," vocal.

LOXSDALE.

Candela, C. Di, "Take back thy gifts," vocal.

JEWELL.

Atkinson, F. C., "The bells," vocal. Condron, H., "L'espérance," pianoforte. Gattie, James, "A sketch," organ.

COCK, HUTCHINGS, & CO.

Smith, Alice Mary, "The last football," vocal. Smith, Alice Mary, "Vale of Tempe," pianoforte.

METZLER & CO.

Ascher, J., "Espoir du cœur," pianoforte. Ascher, J., "Virginiana," pianoforte. Ascher, J., "Marche des Amazones," pianoforte. Oury, Madame, "King of Italy's grand march," pianoforte. Schlusser, A., "The meeting of the waters," pianoforte. Talcay, Adrian, "chant du monastère," pianoforte.

L. MOONEN.

Moonen, Léon, "When first I beheld thee smile," vocal.

J. A. NOVELLO.

Haydn, "The Creation," vocal. Nichols, W. H., "Spring," vocal. Trego, Henry Stafford, "Three soft voluntaries," organ.

R. W. OLLIVIER.

Thomas, Harold, "Across country," pianoforte.

PAYMENT OF FRENCH SINGERS.—*Figaro* refers to the fabulous sums to which the salaries of lyric artists now reach in Paris, and remarks that the dearness of provisions is a mere jest in comparison with the dearness of sweet sounds. Speaking of the Grand Opera, it says:—"In 1862, during seven months, Gueymard received 1,000f. for each performance in which he appeared. As he sang forty-two times, that payment is equivalent to 72,000f. a year. Madame Gueymard had 1,407f. a night; she appeared twenty-three times, which makes 54,000f. a year. The others are in proportion. The most costly artist has been Niemann, who was specially engaged to sing in *Tannhäuser*; his engagement was for a year, at 46,000f., and *Tannhäuser* having been performed only three times, it results that M. Niemann received 15,333f. 33c. per night."

HERR JOACHIM returns to Hanover, to direct the Court Concerts held in that Capital during the winter months, after the Monday Popular Concert on the 1st of December.

ST. JAMES'S HALL,
REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

ON MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 3, 1862.

LAST APPEARANCE BUT FOUR

OF

HERR JOACHIM.

PROGRAMME.

PART. I.

GRAND SEPTET, in E flat, Op. 20, for Violin, Viola, Clarinet,
Horn, Bassoon, Violoncello, and Double Bass ... Beethoven.
MM. Joachim, H. Webb, Lazarus, C. Harper, Hutchins,
C. Severn, and Piatti.

SONG, "L'Alouette" ... Miss Banks. ... Glinka.

SONG, "I never can forget" ... Mr. Santley. ... Mellon.

SONATA, in B flat (No. 8 of Mr. Hallé's edition), for Pianoforte
solo ... Mr. Charles Hallé. ... Mozart.

PART II.

FRAGMENTS from an unfinished Quartet (Posthumous) ... Mendelssohn.
MM. Joachim, L. Ries H. Webb, and Piatti.

SONG, "Dawn gentle flower" ... Miss Banks. ... Henry Smart.

CHACONNE, for Violin alone ... Herr Joachim. ... Bach.

SONG, "The Bellringer." (By desire) ... Mr. Santley. ... W.V. Wallace

QUARTET, in B flat, for Pianoforte, Violin, Viola, and Violoncello C.M. von Weber.
Mr. Charles Hallé, Joachim, H. Webb and Piatti.
Conductor - MR. LINDSAY SLOPER.

To commence at Eight o'Clock precisely.

NOTICE.

It is respectfully suggested that such persons as are not desirous of remaining till the end of the performance can leave either before the commencement of the last instrumental piece, or between any two of the movements, so that those who wish to hear the whole may do so without interruption.

Between the last vocal piece and the Quartet for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, an interval of five minutes will be allowed.

The Concert will finish before half-past Ten o'Clock.

Sofa Stalls, 6s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly; of

Messrs. CHAPPELL & CO., 50 New Bond Street.
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NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of THE MUSICAL WORLD is established at the Magazine of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'Clock P.M., on Fridays—but no later. Payment on delivery.

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TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS—All Music for Review in THE MUSICAL WORLD must henceforth be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street. A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear on the Saturday following in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1862.

OUR Berlin correspondent has already written concerning the hundredth anniversary of the production of Gluck's

Orpheus. The subject, however, is so fraught with interest for all lovers of good music, that we cannot refrain from once more reverting to it.

On the 5th October, a century ago—when Marie Antoinette, the unfortunate daughter of the "woman king,"* was still a blooming girl, not yet married to the grandson of Louis XV.; when the *Parc-aux-cerfs* was still in existence, and the people were tolerated only that they might minister to the wants of a licentious court and dissolute aristocracy—Gluck's *Orpheus und Eurydice* was produced for the first time, at the Hofburg theatre, in Vienna. Since then what changes have occurred! What events have convulsed not alone France, but the world! How many monarchs—including, by the way, Otho of Greece—have passed before us, almost as rapidly as their phantom brothers in *Macbeth*, no more to wear the regal crown, or grasp the royal sceptre! But *Orpheus* and *Eurydice* survive in the tender melody of Gluck, full of life and vigor as on the evening they first appealed to and captivated "a delighted audience." Thus it is, and must be ever. Material force and political power are transient as sunshine, while the empire of genius is enduring as the sun. It is to the credit of the Royal Opera House at Berlin that Gluck's masterpiece has always formed one of its stock operas. The management deserves praise also for determining to celebrate its hundredth anniversary, with a solemnity that should be at once a tribute to the merits of Gluck and a proof how highly they were appreciated. As the fifth of October fell, however, on a Sunday, the ceremony, if we may so designate it, was postponed to Monday, the 6th. The performance appears to have commenced with a prologue, written by Herr Hans Köster (husband of the singer of that name), and delivered by Herr Berndal. This prologue alluded, in elegant language, to what Gluck had done to aid the progress of dramatic music, and dwelt, appropriately enough—considering it was written by a German poet, spoken by a German actor, and listened to by a German audience—on the fact that the great master was, before all, German, unflinchingly German. Next came the opera. It need scarcely be added, in conventional parlance, "that everyone exerted himself to the utmost?" *Cela va sans dire*. Mad. Jachmann (Johanna Wagner) was *Orpheus*, "for this night only." About her performance, accounts materially differ. Some extol, some criticise, others patiently submit—out of deference, no doubt, to Gluck and the 100th anniversary of his *Orpheus*. "I will merely observe,"—writes one correspondent—"despite the risk of meeting the ire of her admirers, that it was perfectly unnecessary to recall her to the stage she had formally quitted, in order that she might once again appear under the features of *Orpheus*,

'quem concita dicunt
Flumina Threiciâ detinuisse lyrâ.'

Was there no singer at the Berlin Opera-house capable of sustaining the part as well—nay better? If such be really the case, the establishment, "Royal" as it is named, must be in a bad plight, and can hardly be set up with fairness as the model of excellence the local press so loudly and unanimously proclaims it. Mad. Köster was *Eurydice*—"quam *Orpheus* revocavit ab Orco"—to give a quotation to the lady as well as the gentleman—"and acquitted herself"—according to the same correspondent—"in such a manner as to enlist the sympathies and obtain the applause of the whole audience." The part of Amor—"Veneris alma progenies"—fell to the singer now most in vogue on the

* Maria Theresa.

banks of the Spree—to Mdle. Lucca. At the conclusion of the performance, a grand scenic decoration exhibited the bust of Gluck, surrounded by the characters his music has immortalised. Altogether, everyone seems to have been pleased, whether in front of the stage or behind the curtain; and the fact of the day being thus kept proves that the good Berliners have more reverence for classical music than their king—that drill-sergeant in royal robes—for constitutional right. In honour of what national composer shall we ever constitute a ceremony of the kind in England?

MR. DION BOUCICAULT'S proposition to build a new theatre, he himself advancing the large sum of £5000, has been liberally responded to, and is reported as likely to answer his highest expectations. His arguments in support of the necessity of a new theatre are hardly to be controverted. No doubt, in this advanced age of improvement, superior mechanical contrivance has not been made available, nor the public convenience sufficiently consulted. All places of amusement, in fact, have been constructed without reference to economy or utility. We have Mr. Boucicault's word for it—and his authority is of the highest value—that all our metropolitan theatres are constructed upon wrong principles, and that the entrances and modes of exit are faulty to a degree. In the case of one of the temples of the drama, we know that the arrangement of the private boxes is suggestive of a maze rather than a regular building having in especial view free and easy access and departure. That modern architects would amend all this under proper supervision we may reasonably infer; and, therefore, so far a new theatre resolves itself into an object of requirement. But Mr. Boucicault goes farther. Not only is improvement called for imperatively in the construction of the building, but economy may be largely applied to the stage machinery and to the gas apparatus. A saving indeed of something like 50 per cent may be effected in the substitution of machinery for men, and by a peculiar regulation and provision of the lighting of which Mr. Boucicault, it appears, knows the secret. Of course this is a great inducement for those desirous of embarking in the speculation, and no doubt has had its effect on the subscription list. The matter of economy in rent and value of property is also laid down at length in Mr. Boucicault's document, but does not, we confess, strike us as so clear or self-evident. On the whole, however, Mr. Boucicault's proposition is feasible and satisfactory. That London theatres are not what they should be every body must allow, and that a theatre built on new and proper principles of art would be a "glory and an ornament" to the dramatic profession, if not to the metropolis, we may presume. We therefore wish well to the new undertaking, and heartily hope it may prosper.

We have only one fear. When the new theatre is completed, what is to be done with it? Will Mr. Dion Boucicault—allowing him to be installed as a matter of right in the management—resuscitate the Shaksperian drama? Will he turn his attention to elegant comedy, naturalise French melo-drama, or abide by his own "sensational" pieces? In any case, except the last, from what source is he to procure his actors? Will Messrs. Buckstone, Webster, Falconer, and other lessees and proprietors, cede to him their leading artists in compliment to the reformation building, or will he have to import his company from the provinces? If Mr. Boucicault has originated his theatric speculation solely to advance his own interests,

by producing a continuous series of "Colleen Bawns" and "Sieges of Lucknow," under the most attractive circumstances—which we do not believe for one moment—we can scarcely promise him or his theatre any large amount of support. The truth is, we have already too many theatres for the number and excellence of our actors, and, as far as the immediate interests of the drama are concerned, it would be far better to demolish half a dozen theatres than to erect one. There never was a time when tragedy and comedy were so feebly represented in this country, and, consequently, we are inclined to think that, however excellent and desirable in itself, Mr. Boucicault's proposition might be referred to a more suitable juncture. If sufficient talent does not exist to enable Mr. Boucicault to carry out his plan, it is no fault of his. He should, nevertheless, have patience and wait.

WE learn from the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung* that the measures taken to introduce a uniform change of pitch into the theatres and concert orchestras of Germany, did not, as was originally reported, emanate from the Intendant of the Imperial Theatre in Vienna, but from the Imperial minister, Herr von Schmerling, who ordered a circular to be addressed to all the large theatres in the south and west. This circular was despatched through diplomatic channels. In the case of the Frankfort Theatre, for instance, it was forwarded by Herr von Braun, "Austrian consul in the Free City of Frankfort," who was, moreover, requested to take charge of the answer given by the management. The circular contains a detailed list of reasons showing the pressing necessity for lowering the pitch, Cologne being particularly mentioned as the first town which has adopted the normal Paris standard. It is, moreover, hinted in the circular, that hopes are entertained that, ultimately, even Berlin will consent to it. The Austrian Minister has placed the matter in the hands of Herr E. Devrient, at Carlsruhe. That gentleman has written to apprise the Frankfort manager of the fact, and further stated his resolve to invite all the musical conductors to meet him in conference, *ad hoc*, at Heidelberg. The precise day of meeting remains to be fixed. Meanwhile, we trust Herr von Schmerling may be able to carry out his plan; in matters where the interests of music are at stake being quite as willing as the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung* itself to be "Grossdeutsch."

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—In the musical columns of the last issue of the *Athenæum*, I find the subjoined:—

"The republication of Beethoven's entire works by MM. Breitkopf and Hartel,—involving, as it does, close examination of manuscripts, proofs, and all such memorials and directions as exist,—may lead to the destruction of more than one crudity dear to the transcendentalists, who have made Beethoven's crudities, especially in his posthumous Quartets, their starting-point. It must have been long a surprise to all who know what freaks haste, overcare, ill-deciphered writing play with print, that the voice of Common-Sense has been so sparingly permitted a hearing in defence of Genius, when the latter appears to have uttered nonsense. Beethoven's arrogant answer, 'Well, then, I permit it!' to some pedant who objected to an ungrammatical sequence in a composition of his, has done no common mischief in the world of half-thinkers, who have thenceforward (and not without show of plausibility) justified everything set down for Beethoven as being his own matured and final utterance. So M. Berlioz—once on a time—wasted good ingenuity in admiring the two cancelled bars in the *Scherzo* of the C minor Symphony. Every one of such mistakes set to rights (for which process are required clear-sightedness, patience, sagacity, and self-renunciation, far more difficult to exercise than blind idol-

stry) is good service done to the memory of a great man, and to the powers of healthy admiration cherished by those who receive the same."

Who are the "transcendentalists" that admire wrong notes? Who is "Common Sense," with a "voice in defence of genius," and yet unable to convince? Who are the "half-thinkers," that "justify everything?" Who are the "clear-sighted," "patient," "sagacious," and "self-renouncing," that have "set to rights," and "done good service to the powers of healthy admiration, cherished by those who receive the same?" The key to these mysteries is preserved in the *sanctum sanctorum* of the musical *Athenæum*. The transcendentalists that admire wrong notes, the half-thinkers that justify (where there is nothing to adjudge), are those who happen to differ from "Common Sense"—"Common Sense" being, of course, the *Athenæum*. "Common Sense" (*Athenæum*) has always been severe upon the "crudities" in Beethoven's last works, and pointed with frequent vagueness to those places where the deaf composer "appears to have uttered nonsense." Amateurs and musicians, who might otherwise have groped about for ever in inextricable darkness, are doubtless grateful to "Common Sense" (*Athenæum*) for the patient clear-sightedness (or clear-sighted patience) and self-renouncing sagacity (or sagacious self-renunciation), that have "set to rights" difficulties and fortified "powers of healthy admiration;" but because they are grateful that is no reason why they should be charged with a blind admiration for wrong notes.

Seriously, this flourish of the *Athenæum* is but an empty flourish. The *Athenæum* has fought against a shadow, and claims a victory. That the correction of wrong notes, and other errors of the press, can have no influence whatever, in guiding opinion about the later works of Beethoven, is the "matured and final utterance" of

AN ENGLISH MUSICIAN.

Shipton under Winchley, Oct. 21.

SIO. SCHIRA has been nominated, by His Majesty the King of Italy, Chevalier of the order *dei Santi Maurizio e Lazzaro*.

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. G. B. ALLEN OF ARMAGH.—The friends and admirers of Mr. G. B. Allen wishing to present him with some proof of their regard and esteem on his quitting Armagh for London, have decided upon presenting him with a testimonial to his excellence as a musician and composer and his high qualifications as a teacher. A subscription has been set on foot for the purpose, and a committee formed to receive contributions and decide upon the most desirable form of testimonial. A sum almost sufficient for the purpose has been already collected. Mr. Allen expects to leave Ireland the first or second week in November.

MADAME TONNELIER.—The *Brighton Gazette* of Oct. 30th in speaking of the performances of Mad. Tonnelier, the new *prima donna* at Mr. Kuhe's Pianoforte Recital, says:—"Madame Tonnelier, a lady whom we never remember to have heard before in Brighton, was the vocalist: her voice is very extensive and her roulades and shakes are given with a finish which shows she has practised in a good school. In her first song, 'Robert toi que j'aime,' there was a little harshness in her *forte* notes, but her soft notes were delicious. She did not display the same harshness in 'Qui la voce;' it was a highly finished piece of vocalisation. The lady quite enchanted her hearers, and was rapturously encored."

CEYRON.—Madame de Vaucheran gave a concert in the Public Hall on Monday evening. The Vocalists were Miss Elam, Miss Grace Delafield, Mad. J. Heine, Mr. Seymour Smith, Mr. Viotti Cooper;—instrumentalists: Pianoforte, Mad. de Vaucheran; Violin, M. J. Heine; Piccolo, Mr. A. J. Phipps; Harp, Mad. James Dryden. Conductors, Messrs. George Lake, and S. Austen Pearce, M.B., Oxon. Mad. de Vaucheran played Kullak's *Les Arpèges*, Ascher's *Sans Souci* (galop), and several duets, including two for piano and violin with Mr. J. Heine, the extremely clever blind violinist. Many of the vocal pieces appeared to afford much gratification, Miss Elam winning an encore in "Coming through the Rye," and Mr. Viotti Cooper receiving immense applause for his expressive delivery, in Italian, of "Adelaida." Mr. Viotti Cooper introduced Mad. Vaucheran's new patriotic song, "Rome or death for my own loved Italy," which was heartily cheered by the Garibaldians present. The concert altogether gave evident satisfaction.

Letters to the Editor.

"ALTHO' I'M BUT A VERY LITTLE LAD."

SIR,—In answer to "A Subscriber's" enquiry as to the Publisher of "Altho' I'm but a very little lad," I was looking over some old music the other day and came upon the song. It was published by Longman and Broderip, 26, Cheapside, and 13, Haymarket. Yours, &c.,

ANOTHER SUBSCRIBER.

PARIS.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

PARIS, Oct. 30th.

I have scant news for you this week, and nothing "special." It is all but arranged that Mario is to make his *début* in *La Muette de Portici* (*Maanietto*), and M. Massol—the favorite baritone at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1851, when he played the father in the *Prodigo* with so much effect, and (as I need hardly remind you), at the Royal Italian Opera in 1849—as Pietro. In the *Comte Ory* M. Faure has "condescended" to take the part of Raimbaud, but I do not hear that Rossini has composed a new air for him. M^{me}. Vandenhuevel-Duprez will be the Countess; M^{lle}. de Taisy the page; and M. Cazaux the governor. I dare assert your readers are not particularly familiar with the two last named artists.

Sig. Gardoni is engaged to replace Mario at the Italiens, and is announced for Count Almaviva in the *Barbier*. The new tenor, or, more properly, *tenorino*, Signor Cantoni, has appeared once in *La Sonnambula* (Amina M^{lle}. Marie Battu), but with no extraordinary success. The *Trovatore*, with Mesdames Penco and Albini, Signora Naudin and Bartolini, has been more successful. M^{me}. Frezzolini will appear shortly as Gilda in *Rigoletto*, with Gardoni, Signor Delle Sedie and Albini as Maddalena. Have I any more news? Yes! *On dit*—M^{lle}. Trebelli is to be married in the spring to Signor Alessandro Bettini, the tenor. The talented *fiancée* is at this moment at Berlin, winning new laurels. The sad news has arrived here from Naples that Mercadante has entirely lost his sight, and solaces himself by dictating instrumental overtures.

ADELINA PATTI—(en untranslatable "canard").—"Ce qui peut nous donner une idée de l'engouement britannique pour la Patti, c'est que les jeunes gens de Londres ont organisé un train spécial, y compris le bateau à vapeur, pour le 10 novembre, jour où la célèbre artiste doit débiter au Théâtre-Italien de Paris. Le voyage coûtera cinq livres, aller et retour, avec un stalle d'Opéra-Italien et cinq jours d'arrêt dans la capitale."—LEON ESCUDIER (*Art Musical*).

DEVONPORT.—The second concert for the fund of the New Hospital took place in the Mechanic's Institute. The hall was filled. The programme comprised a recital of some works of Beethoven, and a miscellaneous selection. The artists were Mad. Gassier, Mad. Arrabella Goddard, M^{lle}. Marie Cruvelli, Herr Hermanns, Mr. Swift, M. Sinton, Sig. Bottesini, and Mr. Land. The gem of the evening, was Beethoven's sonata in G (Op. 30) by Mad. Goddard and M. Sinton. There is the same contrasted gentleness and power which won for Mad. Goddard so many plaudits and such wide-spread fame years ago; and those who then admired are the more warmly enthusiastic now, because they cannot fail to recognize the beauties that charmed them when she first came among us. M. Sinton, quietly appreciative and perfect in undemonstrative execution, was equally happy in his mastery over the violin and in the good opinion of his audience. The sonata, charmingly delivered, was loudly but unavailingly encored. Mad. Gassier's *valse* from Gounod's *Faust* was a clever and brilliant performance. Signor Bottesini's first selection was his own *fantasia* on the *Sonnambula*. So apparently miraculous were some of his passages that, after hearing them, few would have been astonished had the Signor played his next piece—the *Carnival of Venice*—upon a cross-bow. Herr Hermanns sang two German songs, and in Martin's "Vadasi via di qua," with Mr. Swift and another. Mad. Goddard's second solo was Liszt's *Rigoletto*—one of the most brilliant and difficult of modern fantasias. Mr. Swift's best effort was in a duet from Verdi's *Attila*, with Mad. Gassier. M. Sinton's delivery of Beethoven's *Romance* in F. remains to be noted. The success of this concert was in some measure due to the ability displayed by Mr. Land as conductor.

EXETER HALL.—The national choral society gave a performance of *Elijah* on Wednesday evening, with the usual strong force of singers and the usual inadequate instrumental supplement. M^{lle}. Florence Lancia sang the soprano part for first time, and made a decided "hit," indicating in this more emphatically than in the *Creation* that she is destined to take high standing in the sacred concert room. Mr. Santley sang the music of *Elijah* magnificently, M^{lle}. Elvira Behrens and Mr. Wilbye Cooper doing good service in the contralto and tenor music.

A LETTER FROM MENDELSSOHN.

Rome, November 8, 1860.

To-day I ought to write about my first eight days in Rome, how I have arranged it to live, what my prospects for the winter are, and how this divine spot works upon me; but this will be rather difficult. It seems to me that I am changed since I came hither; and if formerly I made efforts to repress my impatience and my haste to move onward and push forward with ever increasing speed, or concluded that this was merely a habit, I now see clearly that the real cause was but the lively wish to reach this goal. And now I have reached it; and my mind has become calm, joyous, yet earnest to a degree that I cannot describe. What it is that has so affected me is also something which I cannot exactly explain; for the awful Coliseum, the pleasant Vatican, the mild spring air, all share it, as well as the friendly people, my comfortable chamber, and everything. But I am changed; I feel myself well and happy to a degree long since unknown, and have such a delight in and impulse to work, that I expect to accomplish far more here than I had purposed; for I am already deep in my task. If God only bestows the continuance of this happiness, I look forward to a most beautiful and productive winter.

Imagine a small two-windowed house in the Spanish Square, No. 5, that has the warm sun all day long, and a room up one flight in which a good Vienna grand pianoforte stands. On the table lie several portraits—Palestrina, Allegri, &c.; a Latin psalm book—out of which "Non Nobis" is to be set to music. Well, now, I reside here. The Capitol was too far away, and I was afraid of the cold air, against which here I have no need for anxiety, when I stand at my window of a morning and look upon the Square, and see everything so sharply defined in the sunshine against the blue sky. My landlord was once a captain in the French service; the girl has the noblest *contralto* voice that I know; above me lives a captain in the Russian army, with whom I talk politics—in short my locality is good. When I come in the morning into the room and the sun shines so brightly upon my breakfast (you see I am spoiled for a poet) I am filled with infinite comfort; for it is already late in the Autumn, and who with us can think of having warm weather, clear sky, grapes, and flowers? After breakfast I begin work, and play, sing, and compose until about noon. Then all this huge, boundless Rome lies before me as if purposely for my enjoyment. I take up my work very leisurely, choosing some new object of world-wide renown daily—to-day taking my walk among the ruins of the old city, to-morrow to the Borghese gallery, another time to the Capitol, St. Peter's, or the Vatican. This makes every day memorable, and, as I have time enough, I carry off every impression clearer and stronger. When at work of mornings I dislike to stop, and would gladly keep on writing; but I say to myself, "you must, though, see the Vatican;" and when I am once there I hate to leave it. So every one of my occupations gives me the purest delight, and one enjoyment crowds another. While Venice with her *past* looked to me like a tombstone—her modern palaces going to ruin, and her continual memorials of the magnificence of yore soon making me sad and melancholy—Rome's *past* seems to me like history; her monuments elevate, making one earnest yet joyous; and it is a pleasant thought, that man can produce that from which after the lapse of a thousand years he can still draw profit and pleasure. When now I have fully impressed such a picture upon my memory—and daily a new one—it is usually already twilight and the day at an end. Then I hunt up acquaintances and friends; we exchange notes upon what we have done—that is what we have here enjoyed, and get along delightfully. Evenings I have spent mostly with the Bendemanns and Hübners, where the German artists assemble; I go, too, sometimes to Schadow's. A most valuable acquaintance for me is the Abbé Santini, who has one of the most complete of libraries for old Italian music, and who gladly lends and gives me everything—for he is good nature itself. Of evenings Ahlborn, or I, accompany him home—because it causes scandal if an Abbé is seen alone in the street after dark. That such fellows as Ahlborn and I must serve as duennas to a sixty-year-old priest, is piquant enough! The Duchess of— gave me a list of old music, of which she wished to obtain copies if possible. Santini possesses it all, and I am very much obliged to him for allowing it to be copied, for I at once look it all through and make myself familiar with it. I pray you to send me for him, as a testimony of my gratitude, the six Cantatas of Seb. Bach, edited by Marx, and published by Simrock, or some of the organ pieces. I should prefer cantatas; he already has the Magnificat, the Motets, and some other things. He has translated the "Sing to the Lord a new Song," and he intends to produce it in Naples; for which he should be rewarded. As to the Pope's choir, which I have heard now three times (in the Quirinal, on Lonte Cavallo, twice, and once in San Carlo), I shall write fully on that topic to Zelter. I anticipate great pleasure with Bunsen; we shall have much to say to each other, and I am inclined to think that he has work for me; this I will do gladly and as well as possible, if I can

do it conscientiously. To my home comforts is to be reckoned that I am reading Goethe's *Italian Journey* for the first time; and I must confess that I am greatly delighted that he arrived in Rome the same day as I did;—that like me he first went to the Quirinal and there heard the *Requiem*; that in Florence and Bologna he also was full of impatience; and here he became also so calm in spirit—or solid, as he calls it; for that all that he describes has also been precisely my own experience, and that is very pleasant. But he speaks at length of a large picture by Titian (in the Vatican), and is of opinion that the intention of it is not to be made out; that it contains merely figures beautifully grouped. Now, I imagine that I have found a very deep meaning in it, and believe that whoever finds higher beauty in Titian is always in the right, for he was of the divine quality. If he had no opportunity here in the Vatican, like Raphael, to show his powers in all their breadth, still I shall never forget his three pictures in Venice, to which belongs in character this in the Vatican, where I was to-day for the first time.

If we could come into the world in the perfection of all our faculties, everything would smile upon us full of life and joy, as the pictures in the Vatican upon the visitor; the "School at Athens," the "Disputa," the "Peter," which stand there before us as if created by the mere thought of the artist; and then the entrance under the parti-colored vaultings, where on the one side we look out upon the Square and Rome, and blue Alban mountains, while above us are figures from the Old Testament, and a thousand various angel forms and arabesques of fruits and flowers; and then only do we pass up into the gallery! But you must become famous, dear Hensel, for your copy of the Transfiguration is magnificent! That joyous awe which seizes me, when I first behold an immortal work, the fundamental impression and idea of it—these did not come to me to-day, but when I saw your picture. The first impression to-day gave me only what I knew already through you; and not until long observation and study did I succeed in finding anything new in it. On the other hand, the "Madonna di Foligno" appeared to me in all the splendor of her loveliness. I have had a happy morning in the midst of all this magnificence; I have not yet visited the sculptures; the first impression of them remains for another day.

Morning of the 9th. So every morning brings me new expectations, and every day fulfils them. The sun has at this moment again lighted up my breakfast, and now I will again to my work. By the first opportunity I will send you, dear Fanny, the Vienna compositions, and what else is finished, and to you, Rebecca, my drawing book. It, however, does not now quite satisfy me, and I shall see here much of the sketches of the landscape painters, so as if possible to acquire a new style; I tried to form one for myself, but, no! To-day I intend to go to the Lateran and ruins of old Rome; in the evening I go to a friendly English family whose acquaintance I have made here. But I pray you send me many letters of introduction; I have great desire to become acquainted with a monstrous mass of people, particularly Italians. And so I live on happy and jolly, and think of you all in every happy moment. Be happy and rejoice with me in the times which seem opening to me. Farewell all!

FELIX M. B.

MADLE. PATTI.—A contemporary says—"We are informed that this distinguished vocalist will be unable, after the present tour, to appear in the British provinces again for the next three years, having made engagements extending over that period for London and some of the leading continental cities, which we have reason to believe will be as follows:—Paris, during November and December, 1862, and January, 1863; Vienna, February, March, and April, 1863; London, May, June, and July, 1863; Vienna, September and October, 1863, where Meyerbeer's *Dinorah* is to be produced for the first time, the eminent composer having selected Madlle. Patti for the occasion. For the season of November, December, 1863, and January, 1864, the little lady returns to Paris; and in February, March, and April, 1864, makes her *début* at Naples in a new opera written expressly for her by Verdi, who will most probably select Victor Hugo's famous story, *Esmeralda* for the subject, a character admirably suited to the dramatic specialties of Madlle. Patti. During the summer season of 1864 she is again to form one of the company at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, and in the September and October following will appear at Madrid, concluding this remarkable series of engagements in Paris, during the months of November and December, 1864, and January, 1865. Considerable interest is taken by numerous admirers in London in reference to Madlle. Patti's *début* at the Italian Opera, Paris, on the 10th of November next, as *Amina* in *La Sonnambula*, so much so that we hear of arrangements being in progress for an excursion by train and steamer, at a five-guinea fare there and back, to include a ticket of admission to the opera on the particular night, and allowing five days in Paris. We are inclined to think that few vocalists of the present day are likely to win greater favor from a Parisian public than the highly gifted Adelina Patti."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW ON MUSIC.*

The last number of the *Saturday Review* contains rather a curious article entitled "Musical Biography." As the writer evidently takes an interest in musical matters, it is a pity that he did not make himself acquainted with the facts of the question treated by him before publishing his conclusions thereupon. He sets out by stating that musical biographies never possess much literary merit, and he instances Dr. Burney's celebrated work, which, though called a "*History of Music*," is, in fact, little more than a collection of biographical sketches of musicians and singers. He then explains this assumed badness of all musical biographies (an assumption which appears in the main to be true, though we shall be able to point out some important exceptions to the rule) by further assuming that they are generally written by musicians; and he accounts for the literary and general incapacity of musicians by assuming, finally, that the study of their art occupies so much of their time that they have no leisure for any other pursuit. Lest any doubt should exist in the mind of the reader as to whether musicians are really the incapable persons which he represents them to be, he states, on his own authority, that when Mendelssohn was in London it was generally remarked that a very superior sort of man he was for a musician.

We admit that there are very few good musical biographies. Nevertheless, we have a very valuable life of Mozart, by Otto Jahn; two highly-interesting works on the same subject, in very different styles, by Oûllibicheff and Mr. Holmes; and several musical biographies by Stendahl, one of the most brilliant writers of modern times. Stendahl's *Life of Haydn* is a translation from the Italian, adorned and improved; so also is his *Life of Rossini*, which has the further disadvantage of being, in many places, untrue; but in a merely literary point of view both Stendahl's musical biographies are executed to perfection. Burney's great work is, on the whole, somewhat of a bore, and we are quite willing to give it up to the *Saturday Review* as a bad job. But Dr. Burney was not much of a musician; and, if the literary world will not have him as an author, the musical world will certainly not accept him as a composer. Even if the *History of music* be looked upon as a typical book, Dr. Burney cannot be regarded as a typical musician; nor is it true that the majority of musical histories and biographies are written by musicians at all. Of the three biographers of Mozart—German, Russian, and English—neither was ever a professional musician. Stendahl, again, appears to have been quite ignorant of music; and M. Schœlcher, the biographer of Handel, tells us that he does not know one note from another. Mr. Chorley, the author of several works on musical subjects, is not so communicative as M. Schœlcher; but it is tolerably evident, from some observations of his, recently published in the *Athenæum*, on an unpublished score of Mendelssohn, that he also understands nothing of music as an art.

Where are the musicians who have written musical biographies; and why, if musical biographies are faulty or deficient in interest, are musicians to be blamed? As to the assumption that musicians possess no literary faculty, or that, possessing it, they have not the leisure to cultivate it, we will simply remark that Mozart's, Beethoven's, and Weber's published letters prove to the contrary. So do Weber's musical criticisms; so do the tolerably well-known tales written by Hoffmann, who was a musician and successful composer before he made his appearance as an author of books; so does the very clever work on the Opera by Wagner, however wrong the theories enunciated therein may be; so do Wagner's admirable *libretti*; so, in a small way, do the musical sketches of Berlioz, Halévy, and Adolphe Adam; so does the Italian *libretto*, almost improvised by Donizetti on the subject of *La Sonnette de Nuit*, and the scene added by him to the *libretto* of the *Lucia*. Such a petty feat as the composition of a *libretto* is as nothing compared to the composition of the music of an opera; but, as the question raised is whether or not musicians ever exhibit talent out of their own sphere, and especially in that of literature, we quote a few instances, at random, of composers who, having something to say in written speech as well as in music, knew how to say it. We have purposely laid no stress on the value of the recently-published letters of Mendelssohn, because the writer in the *Saturday Review* admits Mendelssohn's right to be regarded as a man of some intellect. Why does he suppose him to have been an exception in that respect among musicians? What sort of impression does he think Weber made upon English society? What sort of opinion does he imagine that the very numerous friends of Meyerbeer, Auber, and Rossini entertain of those composers' mental qualifications?

M. Guizot does not usually pass for a light-minded, frivolous man. No one can suspect him of melomania. Let us see what he thought of Rossini, whom he saw once, for half an hour, more than thirty years ago. He describes the scene as if it were an affair of yesterday, and with deep feeling, such as no other recollection set down in his *Memoirs* seems to have awakened. "When, after the lapse of long years," he says, "we collect our reminiscences, we are astonished at the associations which operate in the memory, and which we took no note of while facts were in progress of accomplishment. At the same period, if not on the very day, when these tumults occurred in the streets of Paris, relative to the Pantheon, and of which I retain such a disagreeable impression, M. Lenormant brought M. Rossini to breakfast with me. He had sustained some annoyances from the Revolution of 1830, which I wished to make him forget. Charles X.

had treated him with great favour. He was Inspector-General of Singing, receiving, besides his rights of authorship, a salary of 7000*f*.; and a few months before the brilliant success of *Guillaume Tell* the Civil List had signed an agreement with him by which he engaged to compose for the French stage two great works. I was anxious that the new Government should exercise towards him the same consideration, and that in return he should supply us with these masterpieces. We conversed together without reserve. I was struck with his active, varied disposition, open to every subject—gay without vulgarity, and inclined to jest without bitterness. He left me after half an hour of pleasant intercourse, which, however, led to nothing, for I soon after ceased to hold office. I remained alone with my wife, who had been interested by M. Rossini and his conversation. My daughter Henriette was brought into the room—a little child who had just begun to walk and prattle. My wife went to the piano and played some passages from the works of the composer who had just left us—from *Tancredi* amongst others. We were alone. I remained thus for I know not how long, forgetting all external associations, gazing on my daughter, who attempted to run, perfectly tranquil and absorbed in the presence of these objects of my affections. Thirty years have passed over, and yet it seems like yesterday. I do not agree with Dante when he says—

"Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria."

I think, on the contrary, that the reflection of a light upon the place it no longer illuminates is a precious enjoyment; and when Heaven and time have allayed the ardent rising of the soul against misfortune it turns calmly to the past and finds a pleasure in contemplating the advantages and blessings which it has lost."

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

St. James's Hall was on Monday night crowded to the very doors, on the occasion of the third Concert of this prematurely inaugurated season. When we have to speak of entertainments such as the Monday Popular Concerts, admission to which is now always sought with avidity, though the opening of the season may be "early," it can scarcely be said to be "premature." The old landmarks formerly denoting with rigid accuracy the prescribed limits within which music was publicly tolerated, are in course of gradual removal, and this eventful year of 1862 has well nigh effected their total dispersion. It is, of course, for the special behoof of foreign and provincial visitors that the great musical clock of the London season thus anticipates its usual public performance. So we presume, that to the wide-spread, extra-Londonian fame of the "Popular Concerts," must be attributed the remarkably full attendance of Monday night; but if the majority of those present were Exhibition visitors, the steadfast and earnest faith in public taste, displayed even in the concoction of the programmes, must have had the effect of a veritable loadstone, and have attracted only those who are as true as steel in their admiration of the lofty manifestations of the highest art. We are justified in our assumption by the singularly marked discrimination evinced by the audience, eager to listen and eager to applaud, in their reception of each component part of the well-constructed programme.

Scarcely could a concert have been more impressively announced than by the few mysterious bars of *adagio* which usher in the first *allegro* of Mendelssohn's Quartet in E flat. This, the twelfth *opus* of the gifted successor of Beethoven, was written when its composer had scarcely counted as many happy summers; and to this effusion from a child's untutored brain, greybeards are now glad to listen, intent to draw from its melodious accents intellectual profit as well as sensuous delight. Of all musicians, as it seems to us, Mendelssohn preeminently shares with his nobler compeer, Beethoven, that wondrous faculty which reaches, perhaps, its highest development in Raphael's "San Sisto," of suggesting beneath external forms of absolute beauty the presence of thoughts and feelings that "lie too deep for words." That a mere boy, such as Mendelssohn, when he wrote this fascinating quartet, should be able to excite the mind and affect the heart, as well as gratify the ear, is a much more remarkable phenomenon than the purely musical aptitude which displayed itself at so early an age in Hummel and Mozart. In the ethereal second movement ("cansonet"), Mendelssohn seems to have vaguely imagined the first germs of the exquisite fairy music, afterwards wrought into perfect shape in his *Midsummer Night's Dream*; even the quaint and fanciful drone of the violoncello in this movement, reminds the hearer of a similar use of the ophicleide in the later and more elaborate effort. The whole work was played to perfection by Herr Joachim, Herr L. Rie, Mr. Webb, and Signor Piatti, the equality of tone, no less than the accuracy of the performers being alike remarkable in the staccato passages of the *cansonet*, and in the broad, richly harmonised melody of the *andante*.

Mr. C. Halle should be complimented for his choice of Beethoven's sonata in F, Op. 54, it being not only difficult, but on account, perhaps, of the absence of a slow movement, comparatively ungrateful. It was given for the first time at these concerts, but Mr. Halle has proved in each

of his series of "Beethoven's recitals" how thoroughly he can enter into its spirit. The never-flagging animation and brilliancy of the *allegretto* is particularly well adapted to exhibit his delicate and unerring mechanism. From the melodious minuet-like opening of the sonata to its abrupt conclusion, indeed, Mr. Halle was rewarded with the deepest and most appreciative attention. In Hummel's Septet the pianist was aided by Mr. Pratten, flute, Mr. Baret, oboe, and Mr. C. Harper, horn, together with Mr. Webb, Signor Piatti, and Mr. Severn, viola, violoncello, and double bass. More efficient executants could scarcely be found in Europe, nor could the performance have been better. In the *trio* of the *scherzo* the phrases of melody for the horn were splendidly given by Mr. C. Harper, and to the effect he produced, no less than to the pleasing character of the movement, must the enthusiastic "encore" be attributed.

About Herr Joachim's performance of John Sebastian Bach's Prelude and Fugue in C major we must hesitate to speak lest we be accused of a desire to exhaust our limited stock of encomiastic epithets. The Fugue with its bold and wonderful complications seems undetermined for human fingers; to Herr Joachim, the Napoleon of the fiddle, however, the word "impossible" is unknown. It requires not only rare dexterity and rarer brain to execute and remember, but absolute genius thus to animate a contrapuntal study into a noble, exciting, and triumphant exhibition.

The concert could not have closed more effectively than with Haydn's irresistible trio in G Major (No. 5), played in a spirit of kindred geniality by MM. Halle, Joachim, and Piatti. Of the vocalists we need not say much. Both Miss Lascelles and Mr. Haigh have superb voices. The lady sang "In questa tomba oscura" (Beethoven), and "Lily Lye" (Macfarren); the gentleman "Good night, beloved" (Balfé), and "The Nightingale" (Henry Smart). In the accompaniments Mr. Lindsay Sloper manifested his customary tact and skill.—*Telegraph*.

COURT OF BANKRUPTCY,

(Before Mr. Commissioner FENBLANQUE.)

IN RE O'ROURKE, OTHERWISE FALCONER.

This was an application under an old insolvency case. The insolvent was an actor at, and the manager of, the Lyceum Theatre, under the name of Falconer. He obtained his final order from the Insolvent Court in June, 1859. This was an application on behalf of Mr. Telbin, scene painter, for an order rescinding the final order made by the learned Commissioner, on the ground that the insolvent had since his insolvency acquired a large amount of property as manager of the Lyceum Theatre, in consequence of the great amount of approbation bestowed by the public upon the performance of the drama *Peep o' Day*. It was stated that Mr. Telbin had by his ability largely contributed to the insolvent's former successes, and that a transformation scene of his had, as appeared by the schedule, been sold by the insolvent for 200l. Mr. Keene appeared in support of the application; Mr. Sargood and Mr. Reed *contra*. Mr. Keene stated that "the application was made under the provisions of the 5th and 6th of Victoria, cap. 116, which, in the case of an insolvent petitioner, allowed his creditors the right of proceeding under the directions of the Court against subsequently acquired property. The Court was aware that under the recent statute, the Bankruptcy Act of 1861, the powers of the Insolvent Debtors' Court were vested in the Court of Bankruptcy, and he concluded, therefore, that the Commissioner had jurisdiction to make the order. The affidavits made by the applicant went to show that, in consequence of the intellect and talent displayed by the insolvent in his capacity of manager and author, he had realised 20,000l.; that his wife performed as 'principal old lady' at the Princess's Theatre under the name of 'Mrs. Weston,' and that Mr. O'Rourke had received a large sum of money on her behalf. The insolvent had, moreover, a house at Fulham, and his professional earnings had been so great that he had been able to purchase an unexpired term of years in Drury Lane Theatre, and he had received further sums of money for the performance of his plays at Liverpool and elsewhere."

Mr. Sargood contended, that "with respect to this particular application the Court had no jurisdiction. The 12th section of the Protection Act directed that such application should be made to the Commissioner who heard the case, or, in the event of his death or removal, to the Commissioner who should succeed him. As to property the Court had clearly no jurisdiction. The motion was a speculative one, arising out of the imaginary great success of a piece at the Lyceum Theatre. The 12th section distinctly pointed out who should have jurisdiction in an application of this kind. The insolvency was before Mr. Commissioner Murphy, and the 12th section said such an application must be made to his successor. Mr. Nicholls was that successor. His Honour was neither Mr. Commissioner Murphy nor his successor." *Case adjourned*.

THE OVERTURE TO "DON GIOVANNI."—"In a recent number of the *Athenæum*," writes a Correspondent, "was an extract from Genast's 'Memoirs,' giving what purported to be a true account of the origin of the *Don Juan* overture. In a late number of the *Gartenlaube* a short article appeared throwing doubt on this version, which, indeed, contained in itself several improbabilities very difficult to reconcile. The next number of the same journal has a communication signed 'L. S.,' which the editor gives as authentic. It is as follows:—"In the summer and autumn of 1787 Mozart was living with the Dusseks, with whom he was upon friendly terms, at their charming residence, Petramke, situate upon a gentle elevation not far from the Augesper Gate. Three days before the one fixed for the performance of *Don Juan*, Mozart was playing nine-pins in the garden with some acquaintances with great zeal, quite forgetting that the overture was not yet composed. Dussek, now thoroughly uneasy, took him aside, and represented to him that it was the highest time to think of the composition of the overture if the performance on the appointed day were not to be made impossible. Mozart admitted that Dussek was in the right, and begged him to go with him into his room. "I will play you," he said, "three overtures which I have ready in my head; I will write out which ever of them pleases you the best." He at once wrote out in score that one which Dussek chose, and the copyists had no little trouble to copy out the parts by the proper time. This information is said to have been verbally communicated by Madame Dussek, the singer. The opera, if it be true, may thus have been completed on the 28th of October, as is stated in Mozart's Journal. According to this account, the overture would have been written three days before the performance, for that took place on the 4th of November, 1787. Madame Dussek's communication clears Mozart of the imprudence of having ventured to allow the overture to be played *prima vista*, without any rehearsal, at the first performance of the opera. A.—We cannot resist adding, in comment on the above, an expression of our long-entertained belief that the story of the *Don Juan* overture has been, in any and all its forms, one of those tales made to excite wonderment after the fact. Herr Genast's version, at all events, carries its own extravagance on the face of it. Fancy a group of semi-southern South Germans sitting, watching through the night-hours in mute admiration, while the master improvised his work! The above remarks will serve as answer and acknowledgment of obligation to another correspondent, signing himself "W. H. F.," who, with reference to the *Don Juan* overture and Herr Genast's tale, has recalled the known story told by Beyle, on the authority of Schlichtgroll.—*Athenæum*.

BURY.—The reappearance of Miss Hawes before the Bury musical public under her married name of Mrs. Merest,—writes the *Bury and Norwich Post* apropos of Mr. Nunn's Concert, which took place on the 30th ult.,—gathered a large audience in the Athenæum Concert Room. Mrs. Merest brought with her Mr. Lazarus, the well known clarionet player, and his daughter, whose talents both as accompanist and solo performer on the piano, are entitled to no mean praise. The chief attraction was, of course, the lady, whose fame won by her talents in the metropolis and other parts of the kingdom, was endeared to many present by social ties, and to all by regard for a name so long connected with this town and neighbourhood. It was, therefore, with great pleasure that the audience found themselves able to give a warm welcome, not only to the Mrs. Merest whom they knew so well, but also to the Miss Hawes whose splendid contralto voice they had so often listened to before. In the first part of the programme, "He was despised" was purely and pathetically rendered by Mrs. Merest. The depth of tone and feeling which this demands, would almost make us believe that it was written for her, as well as Mendelssohn's "O rest in the Lord!" which followed. Haydn's "She never told her love," must have charmed all lovers of classical music. Mrs. Merest's delicate accompaniment gave almost as much pleasure as the rich tones of her voice, which the transposition to a lower key than that of Haydn fully developed. These remarks apply also to the air from Méhul's *Joseph*, to her own ballad, "I'll speak of thee," (rapturously encored), and to "I heard thy fate without a tear." In the duets, "When we two parted," and "I would that my love," Mrs. Merest was assisted by Miss Lazarus. Mr. Lazarus delighted his audience with airs from *I Puritani*, and a "Song without words" of his own composing. The concert closed with Czerny's *Galop de Concert*, by Miss Lazarus. In conclusion, we may congratulate Mrs. Merest upon her reappearance before a Bury audience, and the musical public upon the return of so well tried and well trusted a vocalist.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—The Gallery of Illustration closes on the 12th of November, and though, to meet the requirements of the Great Exhibition year, the season has been unusually long, its success has been great, large audiences still testifying to the merits of the Entertainment. In the *Family Legend*, Mr. Reed has introduced the attraction of dramatic effect without sacrificing the characteristic features which essentially belong to this class of amusement. Mr. John Parry's Musical "Narrative of a Colleen Bawn," is, in its way quite incomparable, whether as regards its conception or its execution.

HANDEL IN 1718—1728.

FOUNDATION OF THE OPERA IN LONDON.

(Continued from Page 669).

Before we turn to the description of separate works, we will devote a few words in general to that great musical power, the strongest during the execution of a work, but the soonest forgotten, and in its nature the most difficult one to depict; we mean the singer.

And here we treat exclusively of the Italians, or the Italianized English and Germans. This is no reproach to the Germans; else it were a reproach to study among strangers an art which we do not possess at home. In the art of song, the Italian school is the only one that can be regarded as a polished one. Fortunately, in this art, simplicity has more weight than variety; for the foundation of all true singing is the production of a pure tone, which, like virtue, is to be found only on one straight and narrow path, amid many false roads. The appropriation of the Italian method, intelligently studied, can only result in good. But, closer viewed, in the kingdom of this great and undivided Italian art of song, as embodied in varied periods and artists, there reigns a great variety, as the changing mode of different composers proves to us. A glance at this will therefore be quite in accordance with the plan of our historical description which has something else to occupy it, however, then the golden pathways of particular singers, and ill contents itself with common worn out phrases about the "great school of Italian song." Handel's life stood in the midst of the finest and most admirable that the art of song has ever displayed; and the best of all was exercised in familiar intercourse with his works. His life differs from that of others, in thus enabling us to examine this side of art impartially also. In Handel's time we can perceive four epochs in the art of song.

The finest perfection of the first we find in the last ten years of the seventeenth century. Its principal interpreters were Pistocchi and Steffani, whose characteristics were intelligent refinement of execution, principally directed to chamber music, an union of contrapuntal and melodic art, and an embodiment of singer and composer in one person. From the composer's point of view we should give the preference to Steffani, while, as singing teacher, the greatest praise is due to Pistocchi. Both Carissini and Stradella belonged, at an earlier period, to this school, and they were also equally composers and singers.

The second change was in opposition to the first epoch. Dramatic song was especially cultivated, and theatrical action employed to the utmost. This change commenced in 1690, and was in full flower when Handel was in Italy, and on his arrival in England, in 1710. This was Scarlatti's school. Keiser's music also required and created the same school of singers, although less perfect. The composer and singer were now distinct, or only remained united where the national talent was two-fold, as in the case of Mattheson in Hamburg. The most celebrated in this class of singers was the Chevalier Nicolini. Victoria Tesi also belonged to it. The great requirements were fiery activity, pre-eminence of happy natural gifts over purely musical schooling, and, in consequence, a neglect of pure song in favor of the drama. These were the singers of whom Handel was in the habit of saying, "Tolerable voices, but good actors." Nevertheless they filled the position of theatrical singers much better than the refined masters of song who had preceded them.

The third epoch was the result of the two former ones, uniting what was excellent in both, with an inclination towards the first. And in this epoch rang truly golden song. The singers preserved the individuality that had been attained in the previous period; but, giving themselves seriously up to musical studies again, partly at the cost of the drama, with the help of fine natural gifts they attained a degree of perfection such as had not yet been reached, and will remain a model for all times. These were the singers for Handel's music, and his declared favorites. Further remarks on them are unnecessary, for we shall yet be obliged to cover many pages with the performances and follies of Signors Senesino and Carestini, Mr. Beard, Signors Cuzzoni, Erasi, Strada and Francesina, with Mrs. Cibber, and many others.

The last change that had any influence on the artistic life of Handel, with its forced liveliness and defective musical finish, became degraded in many ways towards the second, but was mostly distinguished by a great exaggeration of the means of expression, and a one-sided deviation from the moderate "golden mean." The singer's independence became audacious eccentricity, and the minister of art became the composer's tyrant. And of these, who drew the multitude after them, and were almighty in Italy and Germany, we shall also hear enough hereafter. Faustina was the first, and Farinelli the most renowned among them.

What is to be said of the poets will also come more fitly afterwards, as it was only at a later period that they became of importance, when placed in opposition to the singers.

(To be Continued.)

ST. PETERSBURG.—The new *prima donna*, M^{me}. Barbot who succeeded M^{lle}. Lagrue, has made a great hit as Leonora in the *Trovatore*. In the new opera of Verdi, *La Forza del destino*, the following artists will appear:—M^{me}. Barbot, M^{me}. Nantier-Didieé, Signors Angelini, Debassini, Graziani, Marini, Meo and Tamberlick. Rossini's *Comte Ory* is announced.

NEW YORK.—The members of the *Arion* have presented the *Leider-tafel* of Buffalo, whose guests they were at the time of their late excursion to Niagara Falls, with a handsome silver cup. Mad. Charton-Demeur, and Signor Mazzolini, the tenor, arrived this week. Also Mr. Ullmann, with Mad. Cordier. Miss Carlotta Patti made her *début* as Amina in *La Sonnambula*. The house was crowded, and everybody seemed more than satisfied with the singing of the young lady; but, judging from this first appearance, it is more than likely that her career as a dramatic singer will not be long.—*New York Musical Review*.

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